

The Story of a Famous Hymn
OFTENTIMES popular verse is the result of inspiration. Surely Bishop Heber was inspired when he wrote "From Greenland's Icy Mountains." He completed this hymn in fifteen minutes, making a record.

FOR LOVE By Ruby M. Ayers
A ROMANCE OF A RICH GIRL'S STRANGE MARRIAGE.
Philip Enraged at Kitty's Fickleness Decides to Ask Eva to Marry Him But Changes His Mind

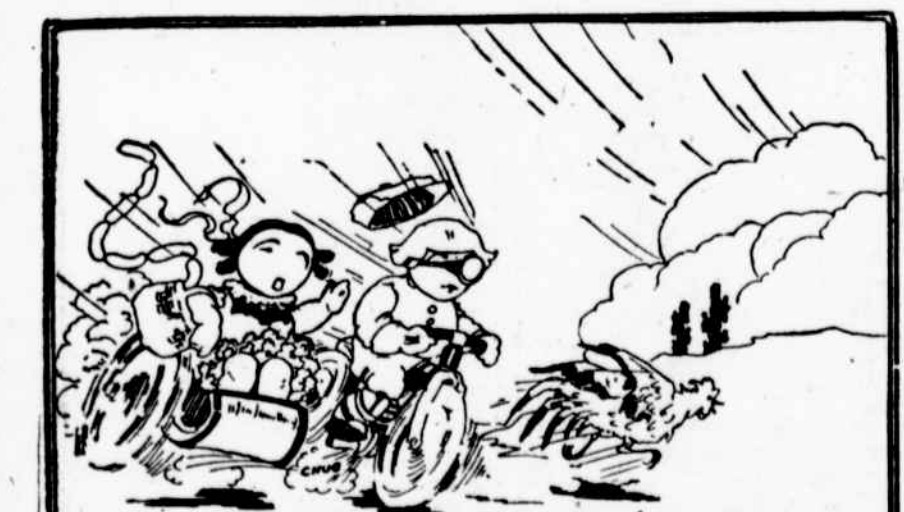
"My head aches—you don't mind, do you? We'll finish another day." Philip said nothing; he had thrown down his racket and was getting into a coat. Since Kitty left the garden his whole being had seemed centered on the gate, watching for Peter's return. Peter was only a boy to Eva, because she had lived with him all her life and could not realize that he had grown up; but he was no boy to Philip Winterdick, and he already saw in him a rival—a man with the advantage of wealth, while he . . . what had he now to offer any woman? He made his farewells hastily and left; he went off down the road at a tremendous pace. This thing has got to be settled once and for all tonight. He went home and changed, and was leaving the house again when the dinner gong sounded. Mrs. Winterdick came across the hall. "Philip! You're not going without your dinner?" "I don't want any. It's too hot to eat anything. I . . . oh, very well, mother." He sat at the table in durance vile; he knew that his parents were watching him closely, that they were wondering, hoping, waiting for him to say something. The silence got on his nerves; he blurted out: "Well, mother, what do you think of the Dennisons?" Across the table his parents exchanged meaning glances. "I was agreeably surprised," Mrs. Winterdick said then. "I am sure I shall like them immensely." Philip laughed. "You didn't look as if you were enjoying yourself very much," he said, grimly. "Oh!" He broke out angrily. "Well, what's the use of pretending? You know you were thinking all the time you were there that Mrs. Dennison and the old man are impossible. So they are, I know, from your point of view. . . . He laughed wretchedly; he looked at his mother. "Well, do you still want Eva for a daughter-in-law?" The tears welled into his mother's eyes, and she could not answer; his father cleared his throat vigorously. "My dear Philip, that is hardly the tone of voice in which to speak of your mother. As our only son . . ."

Philip pushed his chair back so violently that he knocked it over; he flung his napkin down on the table. "Let's be honest with each other at all events," he said savagely. "I don't care a snap for the girl, and you hate the sight of her people. They set you on edge with their show of wealth, only you won't admit it because you want them to pull us out of the mud and make it possible for us to stay on here. It's a low-down, rotten game, but . . . oh, I beg your pardon, mother—I spoke like a cad—I . . ."

He looked at Mrs. Winterdick; she was sobbing quietly; he made a step toward her with hand outstretched, then the utter futility of it all struck him. The memory of Kitty as she had walked away looking up at Peter Dennison came back to him and almost drove him mad; he turned on his heel and strode out of the room.

Out of the room and out of the house, and down to the village, Kitty! Kitty! Kitty! . . . the summer evening seemed full of her name and the sound of her laugh. She was off with the old love already, and on with the new!

Philip had rather liked Peter, but now he felt that he hated him. To cut him out—more boy—like the son of a . . . He checked that thought, ashamed of it. He threw



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LOFFLER'S SAUSAGE
Ask Your Meat Man

Magazine Page

Smart Paris Gowns for Summer Days and Evening Wear



The dinner gown at the left has the wrapped bodice that has been so popular this season, of Chinese red satin brocaded in silver, and a panel train of the fabric extends down the side back into a train. The simple gathered skirt is of silver cloth.

The center sketch is of a girlish white taffeta frock, having its perfectly plain corsage square of neck and supported over the shoulders by taffeta straps studded with crystals. A succession of slender panels of the taffeta picotated about the edges makes the bouffant tunic skirt, and the underskirt, also of taffeta, is scalloped and the scallops edged with crystals. A scarlet poppy with crystals resting like dewdrops on its petals blooms at the waist.

The new treatment that Paris is according sequin bands is the feature of a third pleasing model. Bright green and blue changeable taffeta—for taffeta is well liked this season—is given bands of radiant green sequins for shoulder straps, which continue down each side of the corsage and skirt. The wrapped bodice is cut decidedly lower in back than in front, and there is a slim double train of the taffeta edged with sequins. Long earrings—so long, indeed, that they sweep the shoulders in some cases—are the fast just now.

IS MARRIAGE A SUCCESS?
AN ABSORBING SERIAL OF EARLY WEDDED LIFE.

By Ann Lisle.
(Copyright, 1921, by King Feature Syndicate, Inc.)

W ITH a queer dazed feeling I found myself sitting up in misery on the hard cement floor of the empty garage at Dream-world.

"I'd gone to sleep at my post. Suddenly I awoke to my feet, murmuring for the comfort of hearing my own voice as I rubbed my bruised and aching sides: "Acting on my own advice, I pulled the doors open and squeezing through the aperture, started up the path in the gray light between night and dawn.

Something seemed to halt me and to pull me back to close the garage doors which in my hurry I'd left ajar. It was the hum of a motor coming steading nearer through the stillness.

"It's Lyons," I breathed to myself with certainty. "This is where he faces the music."

The hum of the motor was very near. Suddenly it stopped. After a minute or two I heard footsteps crunching across the frozen ground. Then voices, hushed and guarded, came to me. I could make out the words even before I knew who the speakers were.

There was another man with Lyons. Running and stumbling in haste, I rushed across the frozen ground and crouched in hiding back of the steps leading to the side door.

"Ain't a cloud in sight bigger'n our fist. Comin' on for a clear day," said the first.

"Guess she's safe out there," replied the second voice doubtfully. "Sure—she be. Now forget her. The cold don't disturb her none compared to what it do me. And I'm all for a little warm sociability," rasped the first voice again.

THE RHYMING OPTIMIST
By Aline Michaelis

All the gossips are delighted with tales to shock your ears and their souls are so benighted that they joy in others' tears. They're happy when they're knocking wherever there is woe you'll always see them flocking, they would not miss the show. They hasten to their neighbors to spread bad news through town, neglecting household labors to talk of Mrs. Brown. Wherever they are going, they talk of Black and white or what the Smiths are owing or Bronson's double life. Now when some gossip hails you, don't let his words misguide; but say to him: "What alls you? I want the other side!" To hear another version may throw a needed light upon some dark aspersions and take away its sting. And so, when folks come trying to blacken and deride, don't join in vilifying, but hear the other side.

When a Girl Marries
AN ABSORBING SERIAL OF EARLY WEDDED LIFE.

By Ann Lisle.
(Copyright, 1921, by King Feature Syndicate, Inc.)

"Guess it's better to leave her where she be than run her in and risk waking the hull tarntation bunch. An' if we get through in time I'll drive you over to your train, Slim."

"Ain't takin' no train," grumbled the man called "Slim."

"Oh, yes, you be. You're gettin' out of here today?"

There was no doubt of it—Lyons' companion was the bat-eared man I'd seen this afternoon alanking out of the alcove from which Dad Lee afterward had fetched his overcoat. "And I trusted Lyons," I murmured again. "I gave him his chance."

"I must watch that garage," I told myself grimly. "I can't stay out here, for I'd catch my death of cold, which would profit nobody."

Suddenly I realized that from the little mullioned windows of the breakfast room I could keep an strenuous and as undeviating a watch as I could from this cramped position on the damp ground. So I let myself into the house again and crept through the dining room to the little breakfast room. Then I sank down on one of the tiny window seats in the mullioned windows and fixed my eyes on the garage.

It seemed to me pretty certain the Lyons would get rid of his visitor long before the morning train, to which he always drove Pat.

Moments that seemed hours dragged by. I had no wrist watch, and even if I had worn one I wouldn't have risked lighting my little flash to read the time. But I felt sure it must be nearing 7. The day was dawnning, crisp and clear.

Suddenly a figure loomed before me in the curtained digness of the room and a hand was laid gently on my arm. I looked up into the wide eyes of Lyon's wife, Bertha.

(To Be Continued Thursday.)

THE OBSERVING WOMAN
A STUDY IN ANATOMY.

It was at the Silk Exhibit. Stopping to admire the new Florence Harding lavender and Marlon blue in gorgeous fabrics, the crowd stood enthralled. A fetching mannekin in black taffeta and diamond passermentie emerged from some inner sanctum. She was a very clever little actress, knowing just how to bend, first this way, then that, and how to teeter on the highest of French heels. Lifting a perfect shoulder in a most approved way, she turned—and displayed the back of the gown—what there was of it. A cryptic remark from a bystander floated into the woman's ear: "Say, they said this was a silk exhibit. Looks more like a study in anatomy to me!"

Advice to the Lovelorn
By Beatrice Fairfax

DON'T WOUND HIS PRIDE. DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I have been going around with a young man for the past year or so and we are, what people might call, just "good pals."

Unfortunately, he is at present out of employment and, being a helper in the upkeep of his home, has but little spending money.

Now, Miss Fairfax, I would like to know if you think that I would be outstepping the bounds of propriety were I to purchase theater tickets or movie tickets and ask him to accompany me?

DUBIOUS.

Don't hurt his feelings. Don't make him conscious of the fact that you have the money to pay for entertainment, and he hasn't. Why not try suggesting walks or Sunday picnics and then bring the lunch?

This Day in Our History
THIS is the anniversary of the opening of Brooklyn Bridge, in 1883. The great structure, costing \$15,000,000, was a triumph of the engineering skill of Washington Roebling, its energetic and gifted builder.

The Distrustful Woman
SHE IS ALWAYS IN THE THROES OF MISERY.
Beatrice Fairfax Says It Not Only Alienates the Affections of Those She Loves But Makes Herself Unhappy

By Beatrice Fairfax.
A Famous Authority on the Problems of Marriage and Romance.

"I F I tell my wife I'm going to a director's meeting, she is as sure as fate that I'm on my way to take some dazzling widow out to dine," sighed Frank. "I can't tell that woman the truth. Either she hasn't a particle of faith in me—or she hasn't much confidence in herself. I married her because I thought her the most attractive woman in the world. And by jove! I'd still think so—if she'd let me!"

"If she'd let me"—I wonder how many women have the slightest idea how easy it would be for the man who once loved them to go on caring if only making him stop weren't almost a business in life?

When a man breaks an engagement with a woman she generally suspects a rival woman. When a man says he's sick and can't come to call, a certain type of woman immediately imagines he's breaking off friendship forever.

And the suggestion of a suspicious hot-headed woman sometimes makes a harassed man wonder why he shouldn't live up—or down—to his reputation.

"The honor system" has been

A TRUE MARK OF GREATNESS
By W. A. McKeever
Professor in the University of Kansas and a Well-Known Educator

H E was only a little Mexican boy, eight years old, with one leg off at the knee and a pine stick attached crudely for a substitute.

He was only an orphan, with not a person or blood relation whom he could call his own and none who seemed to care for his well being.

That is why little Eugenio stood shivering on the street corner in the early one morning selling papers for a living, when a "Good Samaritan," a Rotarian, happened to notice him.

From this point the story moves very fast. The Rotary Club of Pueblo took up the case and a member quickly arose and moved that they raise the necessary \$125 to buy the boy an artificial limb.

However, at this point they were halted by the eager voice of a white-haired member of apparently three score and ten. "Will the club allow me the pleasure and the honor of buying the boy a limb without any assessment on the club?" Ex-Gov. Alva Adams was speaking.

The request was immediately granted by common consent. All present were touched with compassion, and it was just such an affair as binds the hearts of busy men together and makes the world one point better as a place to live in.

But there is a little Eugenio in practically every city of the larger size in America.

Our hurried business affairs tend to harden our hearts and make us oblivious to the world's suffering and need.

May we, as clubs of men and as individuals, look about us today and find a little Eugenio or his tiny sister who appeals to our hearts and so starts the flow of our love and generosity through the gates of our compassion?

A Thought for Today
"It is good policy to be just: inasmuch as a reputation for probity and disinterestedness is a prime more real authority and power than any accession of territories."
—Louis IX (St. Louis).

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When Invited Out to Dine Bowles Carried Bacon With Him

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